

from the direction of Millstone, and it was a very noisy wagon, rickety and the wheels rattled, and I just couldn't help but hear it, and it stopped. It went on until it stopped right in front of my corn field, about in the middle of it, and then I decided that that might be the man or whoever it was that robbed me before, and I ran to the barn saddled my mule and got on her and rode out to Hamilton Avenue.

Q Was that mule shod? A No, sir; she wasn't shod.

Q Then you rode on this unshod mule in which direction?

A Towards New Brunswick.

Q Go on, now, in your own way. A When I got near to where the wagon was, oh, about thirty or forty, maybe fifty feet, the wagon started up and I kept on behind, followed it, and then the wagon had turned into Derussey's Lane.

Q How far did you follow it before it turned into Derussey's Lane? About how far would you have to go? A Oh, about I guess a half a mile.

Q You were after it? A Yes, sir.

Q Following it. And when it got to Derussey's Lane it had then passed over about a half mile from where you started?

A Yes, sir.

Q Go ahead. A Then it turned around into Derussey's Lane and when I got into Derussey's Lane my mule brayed and then I was a little worried because I didn't see who was in that